MARVEL
EDGE
MAR·350
DOUBLE-SIZED
350th ISSUE!
DAREDEVIL
SOMETIMES THE PAST CAN KILL...
R.W. WARR
DIRECT EDITION
$2.95 US/ $4.15 CAN

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MALIBU-COMPUTER COLOR

DAREDEVIL® Vol. 1, No. 350, March, 1996. (ISSN #0279-8271) Published by MARVEL COMICS, Gerard Calabrese, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1996 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.95 per copy in the U.S. and $2.75 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: U.S. $23.40, Canadian subscribers must add $10.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. Foreign $35.40. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in the magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DAREDEVIL (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL CHARACTERS, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO DAREDEVIL, c/o MARVEL DIRECT MARKETING INC./SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 1979 DANBURY, CT. 06813-1979. TELEPHONE #(203) 743-5331. Printed in the USA.

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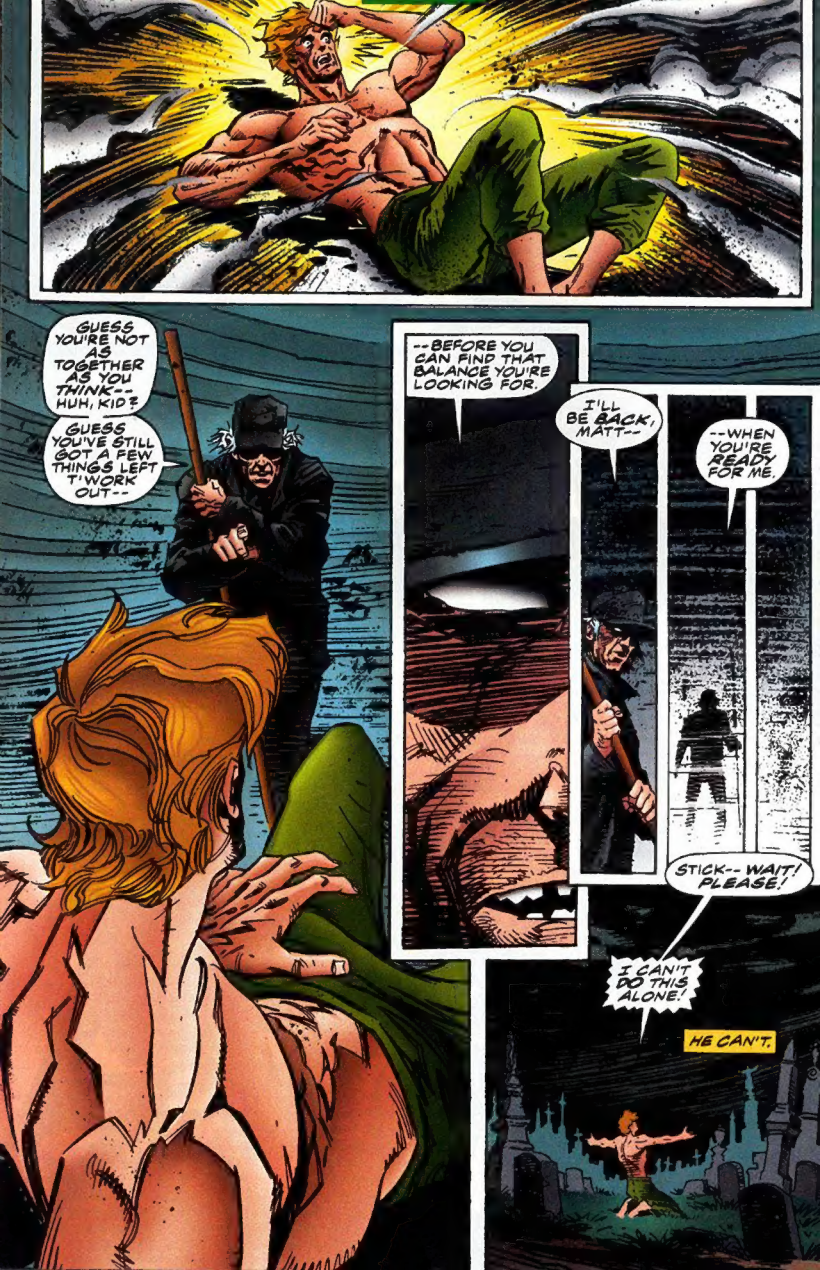
THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!
IMPOSSIBLE OR NOT... IT'S HAPPENING.
AND YOU'D BETTER ACCEPT IT-- IF YOU WANNA STAY IN ONE PIECE.
STICK SPEAKS, AS HE ALWAYS DOES, WITH AUTHORITY. AND MATT, AS HE ALWAYS HAS, ACCEPTS THAT AUTHORITY. ACCEPTS THE TRUTH IN STICK'S WORDS.
THIS MAN, AFTER ALL, IS ONE OF THE CHASTE-- AN ANCIENT ORDER OF MYSTIC WARRIORS. MORE IMPORTANT, HE'S MATT'S TEACHER. IF NOT FOR STICK, MATT MIGHT NEVER HAVE ADJUSTED TO HIS BLINDNESS OR MASTERED HIS HYPER-SENSES.
HE MIGHT NEVER HAVE BECOME DARED EVIL.
RAAAAK
CLIK!
TOK-TK!
AND CONSIDERING THE CURRENT SITUATION...
TAK!
MAYBE THAT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SUCH A BAD THING.
"BUT A MAN CAN'T KEEP HIS ARROGANCE IN ONE CORNER... HIS HUMILITY IN ANOTHER, HIS PAIN OVER HERE... HIS JOY, THERE.
"THE CONTRADICTIONS HAVE TO COEXIST! ...STRIKE A BALANCE... OR HE'LL JUST--"
Y'KNOW WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS, MATT? YOU COMPARTMENTALIZE.
YOU'VE BEEN FRAGMENTING YOURSELF SINCE YOU WERE A KID, TAKING ALL THE BROKEN PIECES OF YOURSELF--
--AND FILING 'EM AWAY IN LITTLE BOXES INSIDE YOUR HEAD.

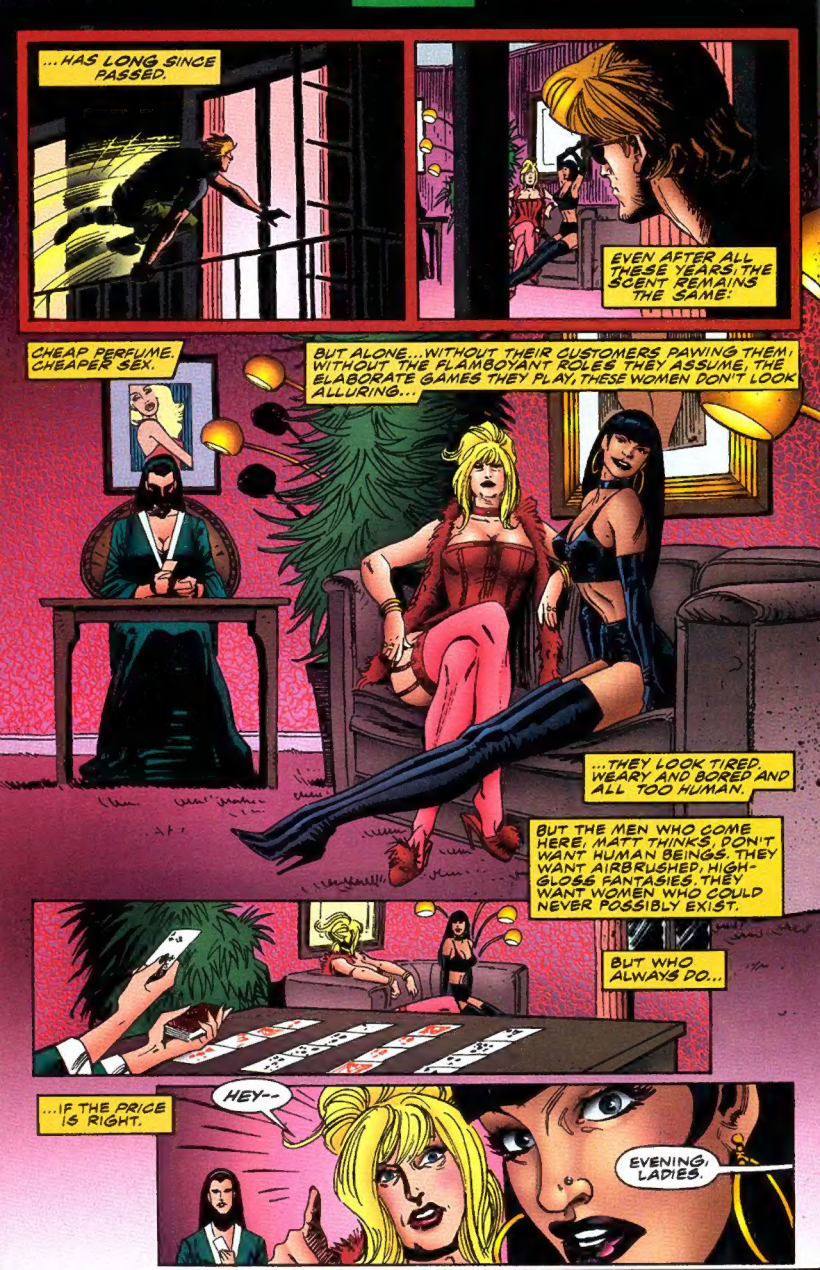
"--EXPLODE."
I ALREADY DID THAT, STICK!
AND THANK GOD I HAD SOME FRIENDS WHO WERE WILLING TO PICK UP THE PIECES!
MAYBE I HAVEN'T FOUND THE BALANCE YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...YET--BUT I'M NOT RUNNING FROM THE GHOSTS OF MY PAST ANYMORE.*
*SEE OUR RECENT ISSUES. IT'S TOO COMPLICATED TO EXPLAIN HERE. --JAMES
WHAT ABOUT HIM, KID?
YOU DONE RUNNING FROM HIM?
HE'S WEARING A MASK--BUT HE'S NOT DAREDEVIL.
HE'S JUST AN ANGRY BOY--WHOSE FATHER WAS MURDERED.
AND HE WANTS THE GUYS WHO DID IT T'PAY FOR IT.
HE WANTS 'EM BEATEN AND BLOODY.. HE WANTS 'EM DEAD--

"--AN' HE DOESN'T CARE WHO GETS IN THE WAY."
SPAKK
CHUDDD
STCHWWT!


GUESS YOU'RE NOT AS TOGETHER AS YOU THINK-- HUH, KID?
GUESS YOU'VE STILL GOT A FEW THINGS LEFT T'WORK OUT--
--BEFORE YOU CAN FIND THAT BALANCE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.
I'LL BE BACK, MATT--
--WHEN YOU'RE READY FOR ME.
STICK-- WAIT! PLEASE!
I CAN'T DO THIS ALONE!
HE CAN'T.

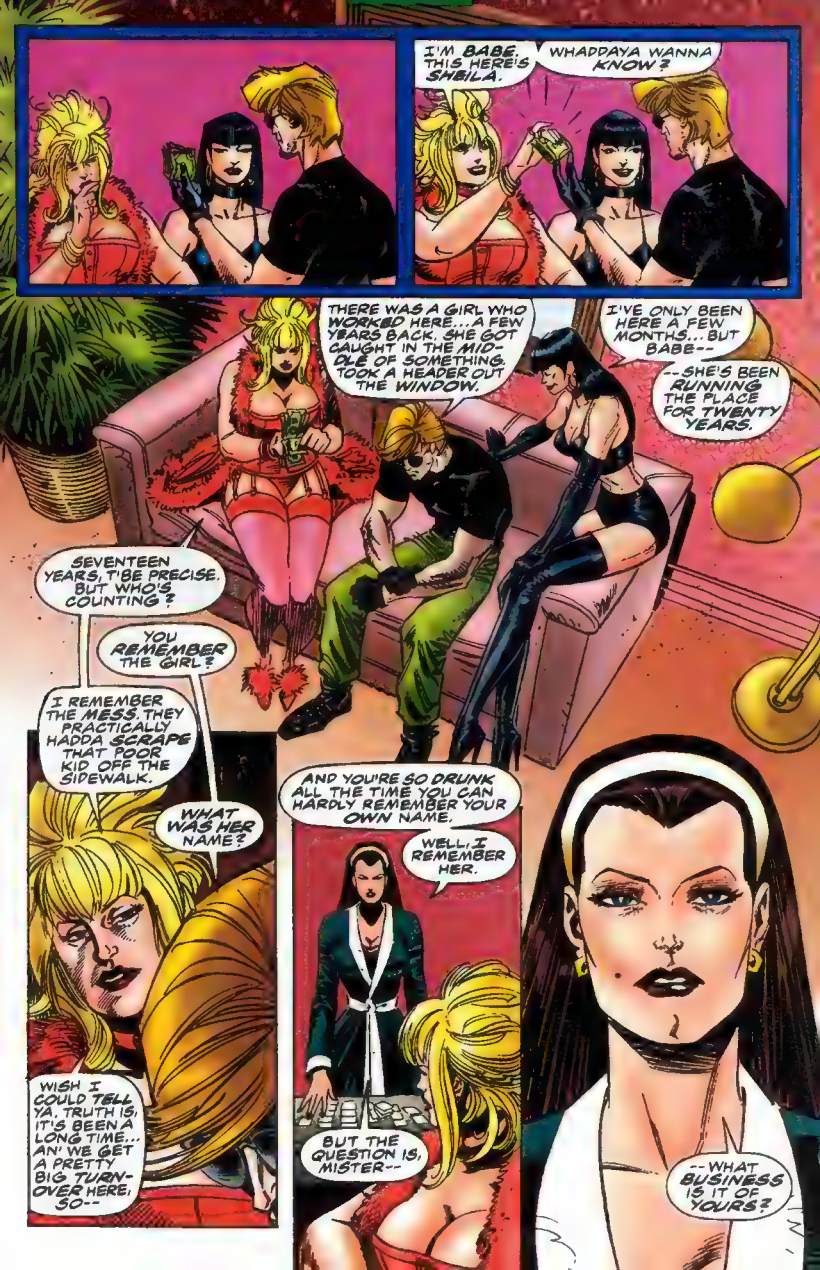
BUT HE WILL.
THIS IS WHERE IT HAPPENED.
HE'D BARGED IN, AS HE OFTEN DID (OFTEN DOES, HE REMINDS HIMSELF): RUNNING ON ADRENALINE AND RAGE. TOO LITTLE THOUGHT, TOO MUCH ACTION.
HE'D BARGED IN--AND FOUND HIMSELF SURROUNDED BY THE WOMEN. --HIS HYPER-SENSES BLURRED BY THEIR SCREAMS AND CHEAP PERFUME.
THEY WERE ALL OVER HIM: CLAWING AND KICKING, POUNDING AND SPITTING.
THEY WANTED HIM DEAD.
AND HE DEFENDED HIMSELF...DESPERATELY:--LASHED OUT BLINDLY.
BACK THEN, HE WAS EVERYTHING STICK SAID--AND MORE: AN ANGRY KID WHOSE FATHER WAS MURDERED. WHO WANTED THE MEN WHO DID IT TO PAY.
MAYBE NOT JUST THE MEN WHO DID IT.
MAYBE THE WHOLE WORLD.
AND
SHE
FELL.
HE'D TRACKED ONE OF THEM HERE. A HOUSE OF PROSTITUTION, FREQUENTED BY MOB LOWLIFES.

THE SHAME AND THE GUILT OF THAT GIRL'S DEATH WERE TOO MUCH TO BEAR. SO HE DID WHAT HE ALWAYS DID TO SURVIVE; WHAT STICK SAID HE DID (AND WHY, MATT THINKS, IS THAT MAN ALWAYS RIGHT?):
TOOK THE BROKEN PIECES OF THAT GRIEF AND SHAME -- TOOK THE GIRL, TOO -- AND FILED THEM IN LITTLE BOXES... IN THE DEEPEST, DARKEST RECESSES OF HIS MIND.
WISHED IT ALL AWAY...
...AS IF IT NEVER HAPPENED.
AS IF SHE NEVER EXISTED.
BUT IT HAPPENED.
SHE EXISTED.
AND THE TIME FOR WISHING THE BAD THINGS AWAY...


...HAS LONG SINCE PASSED.
EVEN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, THE SCENT REMAINS THE SAME:
CHEAP PERFUME. CHEAPER SEX.
BUT ALONE...WITHOUT THEIR CUSTOMERS PAWING THEM, WITHOUT THE FLAMBOYANT ROLES THEY ASSUME, THE ELABORATE GAMES THEY PLAY, THESE WOMEN DON'T LOOK ALLURING...
...THEY LOOK TIRED. WEARY AND BORED AND ALL TOO HUMAN.
BUT THE MEN WHO COME HERE, MATT THINKS, DON'T WANT HUMAN BEINGS. THEY WANT AIRBRUSHED, HIGH-GLOSS FANTASIES. THEY WANT WOMEN WHO COULD NEVER POSSIBLY EXIST.
BUT WHO ALWAYS DO...
...IF THE PRICE IS RIGHT.
HEY--
EVENING, LADIES.

--WHO THE #$@%# ARE YOU?!
THEY RUSH FORWARD--AND HE SEES IT ALL AGAIN IN HIS MIND'S EYE:
THE CLAWING AND KICKING. THE SHATTERING GLASS. THE FALLING BODY.
NO!
I'M NOT HERE TO HURT ANYONE!
I JUST WANT TO ASK A FEW QUESTIONS.!
THEN HE SMELLS COLOGNE MINGLING WITH SWEAT; HEARS THE HEAVY LABORED BREATHING.
THE GUN BEING COCKED.
ONLY QUESTION I'M GONNA LET YOU ASK; DIRTBAG--
--IS WHERE YOU WANT THE BULLET.

T-OFFFF
CHHAAAAAK
NOW... AS I WAS SAYING--
--I WANT TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS--
--AND I'M WILLING TO PAY FOR THE ANSWERS.


I'M BABE. THIS HERE'S SHEILA.
WHADDAYA WANNA KNOW?
THERE WAS A GIRL WHO WORKED HERE...A FEW YEARS BACK. SHE GOT CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF SOMETHING. TOOK A HEADER OUT THE WINDOW.
I'VE ONLY BEEN HERE A FEW MONTHS...BUT BABE--
--SHE'S BEEN RUNNING THE PLACE FOR TWENTY YEARS.
SEVENTEEN YEARS, TI'BE PRECISE. BUT WHO'S COUNTING?
YOU REMEMBER THE GIRL?
I REMEMBER THE MESS. THEY PRACTICALLY HADDA SCRAPE THAT POOR KID OFF THE SIDEWALK.
WHAT WAS HER NAME?
WISH I COULD TELL YA. TRUTH IS, IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME... AN' WE GET A PRETTY BIG TURNOVER HERE, SO--
AND YOU'RE SO DRUNK ALL THE TIME YOU CAN HARDLY REMEMBER YOUR OWN NAME.
WELL, I REMEMBER HER.
BUT THE QUESTION IS, MISTER--
--WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF YOURS?

IS THERE... AH... SOMEPLACE WE CAN GO TO TALK?
SORRY. MY TIME'S TOO VALUABLE.
I'VE GOT CLIENTS THAT PAY ME A HUNDRED BUCKS JUST TO LOOK AT ME.
I'LL PAY YOU. WHATEVER YOU WANT.
I'LL PAY.
STRANGELY, IT'S NOT THE MONEY THAT CONVINCES DONNA LOPEZ; IT'S SOMETHING IN THE MAN'S VOICE: A SADNESS...
...THAT ECHOES HER OWN.
BUT SHE TAKES THE MONEY NONETHELESS...
...AND LEADS HIM UP TO THE ROOF.
HER NAME WAS LYLA. SHE WAS NINETEEN YEARS OLD. GREW UP SOMEWHERE OUT IN NEW MEXICO.
SHE WAS RUNNING AWAY FROM A DADDY WHO DIDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DAUGHTER AND A WIFE. CAME TO NEW YORK WITH STARS IN HER EYES... WANTED TO BE A DANCER OR AN ACTRESS.
IN A WAY, SHE ENDED UP BEING BOTH.
YOU WERE GOOD FRIENDS?
THE BEST.
MUST'VE BEEN HARD FOR YOU... WHEN SHE DIED.
AND THAT'S RARE IN THE WORLD I RUN IN.
WHADDA YOU THINK?
BUT, Y'KNOW, A PART OF ME WAS RELIEVED, TOO.
WHAT? WHY?
LYLA WAS SUFFERING. IN SO MUCH PAIN. AT LEAST WHEN SHE HIT THE STREET... HER PAIN WAS OVER.
HEY-- WATCH YOURSELF BEFORE YOU--

WHOA--!
STEKK
EASY, EASY--
--I'VE GOT YOU.
MAYBE--
MAYBE YOU SHOULD'VE JUST LET ME FALL.
DONNA... WHY DO YOU STAY HERE? WHY DO YOU DO THIS?
ANYONE THINKS A QUESTION LIKE THAT HAS AN ANSWER IS CRAZY! NOW GET AWAY FROM ME, MISTER--
--'CAUSE YOUR TIME IS UP!

YOU KNOW... IF I HAD FIVE GRAND IN MY POCKET RIGHT NOW, I'D BE OUT OF HERE LIKE A SHOT. I'D TELL BABE AND THE MUSCLEHEADS SHE WORKS FOR TO TAKE THE SAME TRIP OUT THE WINDOW LYLA DID.
I'D GET OUT OF THIS CITY AND THIS STATE... MAYBE EVEN THIS COUNTRY AND MAKE A LIFE FOR MYSELF... A REAL ONE. BUT THAT ISN'T GONNA HAPPEN. NOT TO ME.
EVER.
IN A MILLION YEARS.
SLAM
HER TEARS ON HIS HAND DISSIPATE... MIX AND TRICKLE AWAY WITH THE DROPS FROM THE SKY...
YET HE STILL FEELS THEM AS IF THEY WERE INDELIBLE... AND THEY BURN.
THEY BURN.

AND HE CRIES... A BIG RUSHING UNSTOPPABLE FLOOD OF TEARS THAT BURNS DOWN HIS FACE HIS BODY TREMBLES WITH THE COLD AND THE LOSS AND THE PAIN.
THESE AREN'T HIS TEARS. NOT ALL OF THEM. THEY'RE DONNA'S TEARS. THIS IS HER GRIEF AND PAIN... HER AGONY SHE'S CARRIED IN THE DEPTHS OF HER SOUL FOR ALL THESE YEARS.
HER MOURNING.
THEIR MOURNING
ONE SMALL DEATH... UNNOTICED BY THE WORLD. MISSED BY ONLY ONE WOMAN.
YET, THE PAIN CUTS SO DEEP IT'S TEARING YOU APART.
HOLD ONTO THE GRIEF, KID. TAKE IT DEEP INSIDE YOU... SO DEEP IT'LL BE THERE FOREVER.
LET HER BE YOUR GUIDING LIGHT, KID. DON'T LET HER BE FORGOTTEN.

I'LL NEVER FORGET HER. EVER.
WE'LL SEE.
AND WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?
OTHERS? WHAT'RE YOU TALKING--
--ABOUT?
AND SUDDENLY THEY'RE ALL THERE. THE FIXER... THE MAN WHO KILLED MATT'S FATHER. AND NUMEROUS GOONS... DEAD... SOME BEATEN AN INCH PAST THEIR LIVES. BEATEN BY MATT. THE SURPRISE LASTS LESS THAN A SECOND, FOLLOWED BY THAT EMOTIONAL EXHAUSTION HE'S BECOME SO ACCUSTOMED TO.
THESE ARE YOUR DEAD, MATT. THERE HAVEN'T BEEN THAT MANY... YET ONE IS ONE TOO MUCH.
YOU SAW THEM AS WORTHLESS MAGGOTS WHO DESERVED WHAT THEY GOT. BUT NO MAN IS JUST ONE THING, AND NO LIFE CAN BE REDUCED TO A LABEL. EVERY FACELESS THUG YOU BEAT SENSELESS IN AN ALLEY HAS FRIENDS ...FAMILY...
AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THE MOST HEARTLESS AND CRUEL OF THEM ARE CAPABLE OF ACTS OF DECENCY AND KINDNESS.

THE WORDS STING HIM HARD... AND HE EXPLODES. HE PUSHES AWAY FROM THESE GHOSTS OF THE PAST AND JUST WANTS TO DO ONE THING--SHUT STICK UP!
NO!!!
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!! THEY WERE KILLERS!! DRUG DEALERS!! RAPISTS!! CHILD ABUSERS!!
THEY WERE THE WORST SCUM THAT EVER LIVED! THEY DESERVED EVERY-THING THEY GOT!!
ALL THE TIME I RAGE... ALL THE TIME I SEE NOTHING BUT VIOLENCE AND FURY AND HATE, STICK STANDS STILL. HE DOESN'T MAKE SOME BLESSED MOVE TO PROTECT HIMSELF AGAINST ME.
AND WHEN I SEE WHAT I HAVE DONE, IT MAKES ME SICK TO MY SOUL. NOT ONLY BECAUSE OF WHAT I'VE DONE TO MY MENTOR AND FRIEND BUT BECAUSE OF WHAT I WAS DEFENDING--THE RIGHT TO BRING DOWN TERROR IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE
STICK. IT'S NOT ALL LIKE THAT. IT'S NOT. I NEVER SET OUT TO KILL ANYONE THE TIMES IT HAPPENED. IT WAS SELF DEFENSE. OR INNOCENT LIVES AT STAKE THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY. PLEASE BELIEVE ME.
PLEASE FORGIVE ME.

SIGH MAYBE
IN YOUR LINE OF WORK, THERE'S GONNA BE TIMES WHERE YOUR BACK'S AGAINST THE WALL... WHEN SOMEONE'S LIFE IS ON THE LINE... AND YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO TAKE SOME-ONE OUT...
BUT...
THERE'S THAT ANIMAL INSIDE OF YOU, MATT... INSIDE OF ALL OF US, THAT ENJOYS THIS. THEY'RE SCUM, RIGHT? THEY DESERVE EVERYTHING THEY GET...
RIGHT?
YOU WANNA FIND YOUR WAY IN THE DARK, BLIND MAN... THEN YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO FEEL THEIR LIVES AND THEIR DEATHS... JUST AS DEEPLY AS YOU FEEL THAT GIRL'S.
EVERY TIME THERE'S A CHOICE TO BE MADE ...EVERY TIME THE POS-SIBILITY ARISES TO TAKE ANOTHER MAN'S LIFE...
YOU BETTER BE PREPARED TO TAKE ON THE WEIGHT OF HIS SOUL.
YOU WANT ATONEMENT, KID... WELL, THIS IS THE PLACE TO START.

AND HE DOES FEEL IT. THE PAIN AND STRUGGLE OF EACH PERSON HE'S HURT. THE DECENCY IN EVEN THE WORST OF THE MEN HE'S BEATEN DOWN AND FORGOTTEN. EVERY SOUL, NO MATTER HOW DARK CARRIES SOME SPARK OF THE LIGHT.
JUST AS HIS SOUL HOLDS SO MUCH DARKNESS INSIDE. ALL OF THEM BLIND, WALKING IN DARKNESS. IT'S OVERWHELMING. THEIR SOULS CARRY TOO MUCH WEIGHT.
NOOO!!
TOO MUCH PAIN. TOO MUCH SORROW.
IT'S TOO MUCH KNOWLEDGE FOR ONE MAN TO BEAR.
IF THIS IS HIS ROAD TO PENANCE, THEN HE DOESN'T WAN--
?!?

THE CHASTE... STANDING LIKE SPECTRES IN THE RAIN. STANDING IN HIS WAY. LIKE THEY DON'T WANT HIM TO PASS. HE'S AFRAID... THAT HE DOESN'T HAVE THE STRENGTH ANY-MORE. THE ENERGY. THE WILL
AND HE'S BECOME AFRAID OF THE TRUTH... THAT THERE ARE NO EXITS IN HIS LIFE.
YOU'VE ONLY GOT ONE WAY TO GO, KID.
STRAIGHT AHEAD.
HE'S RIGHT. HE ALWAYS IS. THE FIGHT IS PART OF MATT'S LEARNING... HIS ATONEMENT. HE HAS TO PUSH AWAY THE FEAR AND GO FORWARD. HE HAS TO BECOME A MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

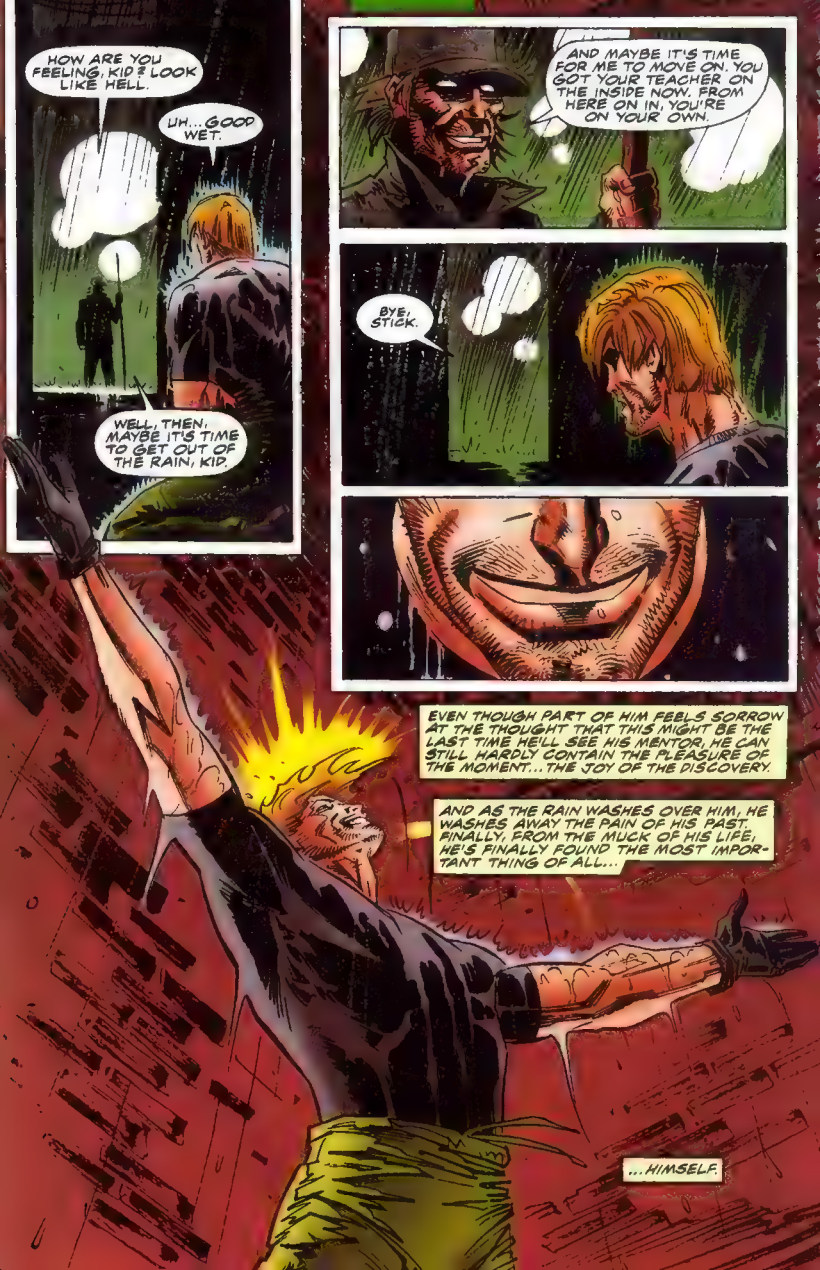
THOK
HE PUSHES THE FEAR AWAY AND GOES FORWARD. AND THE FEAR IS REPLACED BY ANGER; BLINDING, SEARING...
...RECKLESS. HE STARTS TO LOSE GROUND FAST IF NOT FOR STICK AND HIS WORDS...
YOU GOTTA BE A NEW WAY, KID... SEE A NEW WAY IF YOU EXPECT TO GO FORWARD.
YOU GOTTA EMBRACE THE NEW. DON'T BE LOST TO THE SUFFERING OF THE PAST.
OPPOSING THE ENEMY IS NOT THE SIN... NOT IF THE MIND AND HEART ARE PURE AND IN BALANCE. DON'T FIGHT WITH ANGER IN YOUR HEART. DON'T GIVE WAY TO RAGE AND HATE.
AND DON'T EVER REDUCE THE ENEMY TO A FACELESS EVIL. UNDERSTAND THE FORCES THAT SHAPED THEM... JUST AS YOU TRY TO UNDERSTAND WHAT SHAPED YOUR OWN SELF.
YOU MUST ACCEPT WHAT YOU OPPOSE... EVEN AS YOU WORK TO DEFEAT THEM. BECOME PART OF SOMETHING BIGGER.
AND HIS WORDS REACH MATT... IN HIS DEEP CENTER... A CALM CENTER. A PLACE BEYOND... BEYOND EMOTION AND IDENTITY.
AND IN THIS CALMNESS HE BEGINS THE NEW FIGHT. COOL. EFFICIENT.

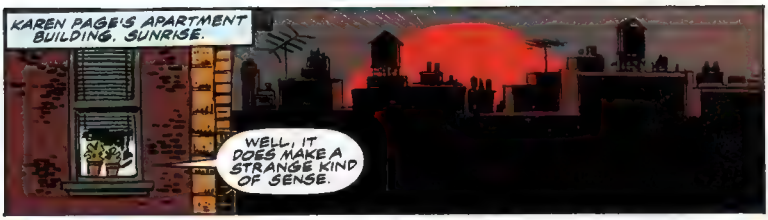
AND HE STANDS TRIUMPHANT. PROUD.
HE'S WON. OR HAS HE?
PRETTY PROUD OF YOURSELF, AREN'T YOU? WELL, GOOD. YOU SHOULD BE. YOU'RE LISTENING, KID. MAYBE EVEN SEEING.
DON'T STOP NOW. IT'S GETTING GOOD.
THE SIGHT OF THE FOUR MEN... HIMSELF TIMES FOUR... RUSHING TO FIGHT HIM... UNNERVES HIM QUICKLY. TOTALLY. SUDDENLY HE LOSES THE CALM CENTER HE FOUGHT SO HARD TO GAIN.

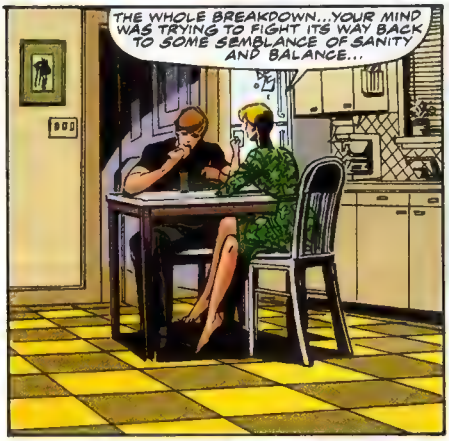
HE'S NOT THE ZEN WARRIOR. HE'S THE LITTLE BOY STICK TOOK UNDER HIS WINGS ALL THOSE YEARS AGO.
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR BECOMES OVERWHELMED BY RAW TERROR.
HE RUNS.
AND RUNS.
AND RUNS.
PURSUED THROUGH THE RAIN-DRENCHED STREETS BY DAREDEVILS OF HIS OWN MAKING...RUNNING TOWARDS THE ONLY POSSIBLE DESTINATION.

BACK AGAINST THE WALL. THE END.
GO AWAY, DAMN YOU!! GO AWAY!!
THEY DON'T MOVE. OF COURSE. THEY'LL COME AFTER HIM, AND OVERTAKE HIM ...AND HE KNOWS THE RESULT WILL BE ANOTHER MENTAL BREAKDOWN.
ONLY THIS TIME IT WILL BE MUCH WORSE. THIS TIME HIS IDENTITY WILL FRAGMENT INTO A THOUSAND PIECES.
HE'LL BE LOST IN WHITE OBLIVION... FOREVER.
BUT HE'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING, DAMMIT. HE'LL--
AND SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS IN HIS MIND. HE SEES.
HE UNDERSTANDS.

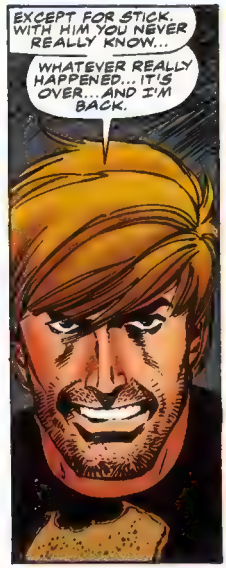
HE ACCEPTS.
IT ISN'T ABOUT WAR.
THAT'S WHERE I'VE GONE WRONG MY WHOLE LIFE.
I'VE BEEN TEARING MYSELF UP INTO PIECES... BOTTLING THEM UP ...BATTLING THEM. IT'S NOT ABOUT THAT.
IT'S ALL ABOUT UNION.
HE ACCEPTS. THE SAME KIND OF UNION HE NEEDS TO SEEK WHEN FACING THE ENEMY... THE UNION HE NEEDS TO ACCEPT WHEN HE FACES HIMSELF.
NO ANGER. NO BLOODLUST. JUST AN ACCEPTANCE... A LOVE...
AND HE TAKES HIS OTHER SELVES INTO HIM, TAKING IN ALL THAT COMES WITH THEM... THEIR PAIN AND CONFUSION, DONNA'S PAIN AND GRIEF, AND THE CHAIN OF SUFFERING THAT RESULTS FROM KILLING FACELESS THUGS. ALL OF IT.
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE HE IS...
...WHOLE


HOW ARE YOU FEELING, KID? LOOK LIKE HELL.
UH... GOOD WET.
WELL, THEN, MAYBE IT'S TIME TO GET OUT OF THE RAIN, KID.
AND MAYBE IT'S TIME FOR ME TO MOVE ON. YOU GOT YOUR TEACHER ON THE INSIDE NOW. FROM HERE ON IN, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.
BYE, STICK.
EVEN THOUGH PART OF HIM FEELS SORROW AT THE THOUGHT THAT THIS MIGHT BE THE LAST TIME HE'LL SEE HIS MENTOR, HE CAN STILL HARDLY CONTAIN THE PLEASURE OF THE MOMENT... THE JOY OF THE DISCOVERY.
AND AS THE RAIN WASHES OVER HIM, HE WASHES AWAY THE PAIN OF HIS PAST. FINALLY, FROM THE MUCK OF HIS LIFE, HE'S FINALLY FOUND THE MOST IMPORTANT THING OF ALL...
...HIMSELF.


KAREN PAGE'S APARTMENT BUILDING. SUNRISE.
WELL, IT DOES MAKE A STRANGE KIND OF SENSE.


THE WHOLE BREAKDOWN...YOUR MIND WAS TRYING TO FIGHT ITS WAY BACK TO SOME SEMBLANCE OF SANITY AND BALANCE...

SO IT MUST HAVE CREATED STICK AND THE OTHER DAREDEVILS, THE CHASTE... ALL THOSE GHOSTS OF THE PAST... ALL OF IT... SO THAT YOU COULD RECONCILE THEM AND HEAL YOURSELF.
CHOMP...CHOMP...UM HUM... CHOMP... SOUNDS GOOD...


EXCEPT FOR STICK. WITH HIM YOU NEVER REALLY KNOW...
WHATEVER REALLY HAPPENED... IT'S OVER... AND I'M BACK.

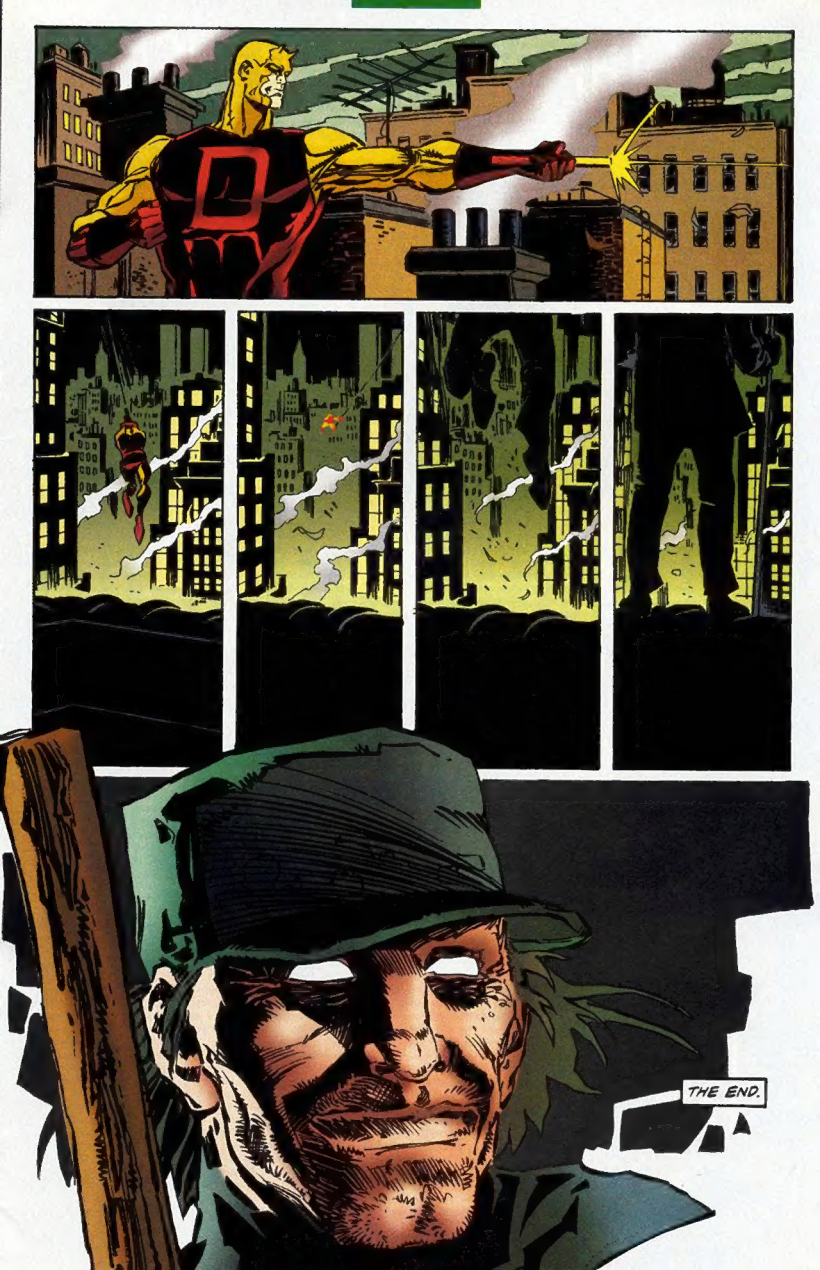
YES, YOU ARE.
MISS ME?
YES, I DID.

DANCE WITH ME?
HEH HEH... YES, I WILL.

KISS ME?
YES.
WELCOME BACK...MY LOVE.
RAHR!!
OH, STOP!
OKAY. YOU'RE BACK... BUT WHO'S BACK? MATT MURDOCK? JACK BATTLIN?
AND FOR THAT MATTER, WHICH DAREDEVIL ARE YOU GOING TO BE?

NIGHT. THE CITY.
THE URBAN HEAVEN. THE URBAN HELL.
THE SHADOWY FIGURE BURSTS INTO THE NIGHT... FLINGING HIMSELF FROM ROOFTOP TO ROOFTOP... HIS HOME... THE STREETS.
a WAGNER REINHOLD 1995
THE ANGEL OF THE CITY. THE DEMON OF THE CITADEL.
A HERO OF DIGNITY, HUMOR AND HUMANITY. THIS IS WHERE HE CAME FROM. THIS IS WHERE HE'S GOING.
DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

LATER THAT NIGHT...
DONNA WALKS INTO HER ROOM, WEARY AND TIRED... DISGUSTED WITH THE NIGHT AS SHE IS DISGUSTED WITH EVERY NIGHT.
SHE COLLAPSES, READY TO SLEEP, AND, HOPEFULLY, FORGET AND DREAM OF BETTER DAYS... DAYS SHE KNOWS SHE'LL NEVER EVER SEE.
OR SO SHE THOUGHT.


THE END.